

what's scarlet
and opens locks?

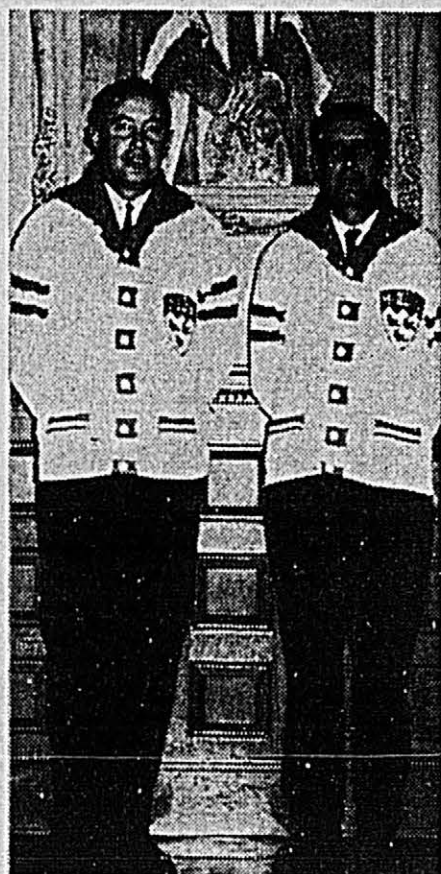
McGILL DAILY

a pimento
cat-burglar

Vol. 53 — No. 56

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1964

3 cents



Ilona Shinov

KEYS OPEN DOOR TO DEAN AND PRINCIPAL

Two honorary Scarlet Keys joined the ranks of "McGill's finest" last night — Dr. H. Locke Robertson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor, and Dean F. Kenneth Hare of the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Both expressed their joy and amazement at the presentation (brought about through conspiracy with their wives), and promised to wear their Scarlet Key sweaters whenever possible, although Dr. Robertson added that this did not include football games.

After all the banquet's presentations were made, Dean Hare addressed the assembly briefly. Admitting that he belongs to the school which believes that "one should not get soggy with sentiment", he highlighted his career at McGill humorously and then turned to more serious matters.

Touching indirectly on the recently-expressed words of M. Brunet re government aid to McGill, he suggested that a university languished in times of security and stability, confessing too that perhaps the view from London may be calmer.

(Continued on page 4)

Dr. H. Locke Robertson and Dean F. Kenneth Hare proudly model their new Scarlet Key sweaters.

Saginur, Echenberg off to Algeria

Rosalind Saginur and Gordon Echenberg will represent McGill at the World University Service seminar in Algeria this year.

Susan Gross, W.U.S. Chairman, announced the selection of this year's delegates on the basis of adaptability, responsibility, and interest in the activities of others. The delegates were chosen by a selection committee composed of students and faculty across Canada.

explore on their own. On their return, they will give talks and slide showings of their travels to other interested students.

Ici on parle...

An interesting feature of this year's conference will be that most of the conversation will be in French. Applicants were screened for their fluency in the language.

"I was thrilled to hear of my selection," said Echenberg, President of the Students' Society in



GORDON ECHENBERG

The delegates will spend six weeks in Algeria exploring "Education and Development in Algeria," and meeting with students from across the world. They will meet with the other Canadian delegates to Montréal for orientation, will fly to Paris, take a train to Marseilles, and from there take a boat to Algiers. The delegation will spend some time exploring Algiers, and then move on to the Sahara.

After the conference, the delegates will have three weeks of free time to meet the people and



ROSALIND SAGINUR

1962-63. "I consider it a great honour to represent McGill and Canada at the conference."

"I had always dreamed of attending a conference," said Miss Saginur. Immediate past President of the Women's Union, she hopes to enter a seminar on political science as reflected in Algeria.

Students' Society Committee:

Awards probe to convene

The Awards Committee, formed to investigate the nature of Students' Society awards, will be holding its hearings early next week, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

The purpose of the probe is to inquire into the value and advisability of Students' Society awards.

If, in turn, the Committee decides on the advisability of continuing such awards, the probe will continue into the nature and structure of these awards.

The terms of reference of the inquiry will include the method of classification of awards on the basis of Gold, Silver, and Bronze.

The committee will consider whether these classifications, or some variation of same, ought to be maintained, and what the criteria should be for such classifications.

Internal awards

The probe will also consider the question of continuing Students' Society awards to members of campus organizations

which present their own awards for holders of internal offices.

The committee will undertake consideration of the question of according Students' Society recognition, but not that of holding a Students' Society Awards Banquet or banquets for individual campus societies.

Questions galore

"The latter question," a committee spokesman stated, "is deemed to be a policy decision under S.E.C. jurisdiction, notwithstanding the fact that the recommendations regarding awards will determine, in part, whether or not an awards banquet is held."

"Other factors", he suggested, "independent of the issue of awards might be involved in such a decision."

The Awards Committee report will be submitted on January 20, after all inquiries have been held and all representations submitted.

All individuals, clubs, and societies interested in making representations at the investigation are requested to submit their names to John at the Tuck Shop, indicating the date and time at which they would prefer to appear.

The hearings will take place Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday from 1 to 2 pm in the Union Board Room.

No student, club, or society will be permitted to make repre-

Miss Campus Chest exposed as fraud

Penelope Pudds, a shocked campus learned late last night, is a fraud. Miss Pudds, recently acclaimed Miss Campus Chest '64, was exposed by a discerning member of the selection committee as a disguised male student — and an engineer at that.

Penelope is also suspected of having falsified some of her qualifications. The selection committee is seriously considering revocation of her title.

Despite the resulting adverse publicity, Campus Chest '64 will be officially launched this Monday. The Daily poolathon has already contributed \$147.

This year's Campus Chest has an objective of \$8,000, to be distributed among seven local and university charitable organizations. "The symbol of the campaign," Chairman Bruce Clevon announced, "will be a chest, which I hope will be filled by McGill students within the next week."



— Jack Kaples

Change of course

Change of course forms for Arts and Science students will be available from the Assistant Dean's office in A-140 from January 13-17.

The forms are for students who wish to apply for second term half courses other than those for which they are presently registered.

BYLINE C.U.P.

Excerpts From Canadian University Press

by
SHEILA LEIGH

*'Twas the week before Christmas
When all through the land,
Student presses prepared for their yearly last stand.
The words, they were noble; the thoughts, so sincere
In baby blue ink and on pink pastel pages;
With standard conventionalists upholding tradition
By printing, just simply, in bright red-green editions.
These lofty scholastics, with their vast scope of knowledge
Did expound bits of wisdom so terribly profound.
Like sheep in a barnyard, they clung close together
To follow the standard of this generation
And play the true cynic in full jubilation.*

The Ubysey, following its yearly tradition, most generously bestowed upon its readers a "Mary Christmas".

"Mary" unfolded her undraped anatomy piecemeal as the intent reader unfolded the pages of the paper. Despite instructions on how to assemble her there was some understandable confusion as her various dissected parts appeared in different puzzle pieces.

Overlooking this and other minor difficulties and judging from the enthusiasm she instilled into the Union basement, we are sure UBC students spent an enjoyable holiday putting "Mary" together.

The Gauntlet was kind enough to offer one sector of its readers a choice, "bottles or blondes" with which they might celebrate the festive occasion. The powers of suggestion in all probability worked wonders with ardent fans deciding on both.

The University of Alberta's Gateway graced its Christmas edition with a 'brilliant' coloured cartoon section which pictured Santa's sleigh drawn by a measly team of rats and the "stupid old man" himself tossing toys into a fall-out shelter.

Shocking satire was pictured in a mid-desert 'eat-out' coined "Alabama Joe's" which segregated the Three Wise Men into "White and Non-white" areas.

The cartoons closed on a joyous note with the disillusioned skeptic finally discovering the only true holiday spirit in 'the good ole bottle'.

The London Gazette after devoting its front page to the age old argument of the 'higher intellects' on the existence of Santa Claus came down firmly on the side of the affirmative. Reasons for this decision ranged from reference to the fact that He provides a good market for used reindeers to the assertion that He was all there was to Christmas.

The editorial in McMaster's paper The Silhouette maintained the popular trend in flagrant tones.

"The year's biggest marketing promotion stunt is upon us" was the introductory definition of the season. Following through on the economic aspect of the issue the editorial compared Christmas to armaments; "We could not afford not to have it... it comes conveniently close to the slack period in the economy."

The Carleton sounded off in a similar key wishing its readers a "Merry Commercial Christmas". Any slight sense of humor was thoroughly soured in an onslaught of bitter satire. The jolly old man of the North Pole appeared as an unshaven "Antichrist" mounted on a sack of gold addressing a sunken-eyed starving body of children. His season's greetings were: "And what could you kids possibly need for Christmas? Prophylactics? Hol Hol Hol"

Alongside this illustrative scene appeared such phrases as; "Sad men cry outcome and cheer our spirits! So E.P. Taylor and Haig & Haig arrive. For others there is shaving lotion or Vitalis." and "Think of Nazareth, then of Bethlehem, in that order. Turkeys get fat now, then you eat them, in that order. We must not forget the poor, oh no, we must not. We will contribute some old clothes — and a turkey — Some of them deserve a turkey too!" and gibes such as "Charles Dickens will not send Oliver over here again. It embarrasses the Children's Aid."

Waterloo's Coryphaeus issued out a "Birthday Special" to welcome in the season. The editorial appropriately named "Gold, Bank-in-Cents and Myth" asked "why do we make such a fuss over someone's birthday?"

The editor sees Christmas as "little more than a pagan festival where the merchants make a killing and liquor makes people into killers." In the true cynic fashion, he bids his readers to "drink up and be merry, for December 25 is a holiday and you don't have to face the stinkers you work with that day."

In a like attitude the Fulcrum of the University of Ottawa broke with tradition in spreading "Happy Birthday Christ" across its front page.

The Sheaf, concerned over the welfare of Saskatoon students, took great pains to ensure them of a 'spirit filled' holiday. It published a comprehensive guide to yuletide imbibing, including such potent concoctions as The Oriental Christmas Tlee and The Ghost of Christmas Past.

The Christmas spirit reached even the staid Prince of Wales College Times. On what was otherwise their usual front page they printed in large type the headline "Have a Cool Yule."

Today

Meetings

LATIN AMERICAN SOCIETY: Everyone welcome for Spanish Conversation in Room 55, Peterson Hall, at 1 pm.

RED AND WHITE REVUE: Audition schedule: Today, 10-12 am, Robin, Marion. 11-12 am, Little John. 4-6 pm Sheriff and Pamela. 7-10 pm, entire cast except for Bourgeoise, Pamela, Dave Francis. Tomorrow: 10-1, 2-6, 7-9:30; all in first scene. 10 pm; party at the Zete house. All connected with Revue welcome.

STUDENT ZIONIST ORGANIZATION: After-Chanukah Auction and a Kumsitz. 8 pm at Hillel.

FILM SOCIETY: "Citizen Kane" by Orson Welles, in the P.S.C.A. at 4, 6:30, and 9 pm.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY: New Year's Dances Union Lounge from 9 pm to 2 am, featuring the Mambo-Calyponians.

PLAYERS' CLUB: Compulsory general policy meeting, Players' Club Office, 1 pm.

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE CLUB: Compulsory meeting for all members wishing to take part in the Model Parliament. Union Salon, 1 pm.

S.C.M.: "That All May Be One", a discussion of the Ecumenical movement in Montreal, with Father Beaubien, Director of the Ecumenical Centre, S.C.M. House, 3625 University, 8 pm.

Tomorrow

CHORAL SOCIETY: Executive meeting, 11 am. Meet in front of Choral Society office.

WINTER CARNIVAL: Tryouts for chorus line and general skating, in the Winter Stadium from 10-12 pm. All interested girls should attend.

FILM SOCIETY: Orson Welles' film "Citizen Kane", at 8:30 pm in the P.S.C.A.

OUTING CLUB: A cross-country ski, starting at Val-David is planned for the weekend. For information, call Paul Wilson at 697-5230.

Sunday

CANTERBURY HOUSE: Holy Communion at Christ Church Cathedral at 9:30 am. Communion at Canterbury at noon. Evensong at the House, 3555 University, at 7 pm.

Announcements

HILLEL SPONSORS SATURDAY DANCE

Hillel will hold a dance for registered members tomorrow night at 8 pm, at the Jewish Public Library (Esplanade and Mount Royal). Entertainment will be supplied by a trio and by a pair of mimes, The Yakims. Admission is 50¢.

ENGINEERS SPONSOR BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

The Engineering Lower Year Council is sponsoring a Bridge Tournament from Tuesday till Thursday next week. The tournament is open to all first and second year students. Registration will be today and Monday in the lobby of the McConnell Engineering building.

THE HUMANIST FELLOWSHIP OF MONTREAL PRESENTS

Dr. BROCK CHISHOLM

Former Director of the World Health Organization, distinguished Canadian scientist and author, who will speak on:

Our Obsolete Institutions

Sunday January 12th, at 8:15 pm at the Y.W.C.A., 1355 Dorchester West, Admission \$1.00, students \$0.50

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1964

Kauffman, Walker go directly to jail

David Kauffman and Ralph Walker will represent McGill in the annual debate with Norfolk Penitentiary at Norfolk on January 25, the Debating Union announced yesterday.

The topic of the debate will be "Resolved that a world federation should be formed," with McGill taking the negative.

Kauffman is a fourth-year student in Honours Philosophy and Political Science; he holds a University Scholarship and a Students' Society Scholarship. Walker, in fourth-year Honours Philosophy, holds a Bank of Montreal Scholarship and has been elected a Rhodes Scholar.

They have debated together for three years, and won the Debating Tournament at Rochester Institute of Technology in 1962. Both hold ASUS debating awards.

Jaded palates

Hamilton (CUP) — The students of McMaster University appear to have sensitive taste buds. In protest of their "cold and bland" food they have boycotted their cafeteria.

SUMMER OPPORTUNITIES IN MARKETING FOR 1965 GRADUATES

A limited number of summer openings are available in our advertising department for students who will be entering their final year of commerce and finance, economics, or allied courses.

These positions, in Toronto, are part of a program designed to give actual

experience in a variety of marketing management areas.

The salary will be \$400 per month.

Pamphlets describing the advertising activities within the company are available at the university placement office. Interviews will be held on January 27, 28 and should be arranged immediately through that office.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

In the beginning was the Word...



— Ilona Shilov

Today's Special: 'Roast Stuffed'

Part of the art of eating at any of the many excellent culinary establishments which surround our university is the appreciation of the atmospheric aura imparted to their tables by the individualistic typography inside their menus. Examining such aberrations as "Roast stuffed, turkey" or "cream of juices soup" can enhance the most ordinary meal.

One local restaurateur produces from his cuisine several similarly-inspired creations. Notable among them are "Smothered onions", "Toasted chess sandwich", and, for a bilingual touch, "Dinde rpti."

Speaker surveys Scandinavia; students suggest overseas work

by SANDY GAGE

The wide range of opportunities open to students through travel was made evident yesterday at the Travel Week meeting in the Union Club Room. Student representatives spoke on the value of job experience overseas, and a representative of SAS Airlines discussed Scandinavian travel.

Chairman Chuck Dalfen opened the proceedings by introducing Tom Lockwood of the Association Internationale des Etudiants en Sciences Economiques et Commerciales.

Lockwood briefly reviewed the development of the AIESEC program, and explained its purpose as an effort to establish friendly relations between students from different countries through the exchange of student traineeship positions.

AIESEC is intended mainly for Commerce and Economics students. Lockwood welcomed all interested individuals to fill out a basic form at the AIESEC office in the basement of the Union.

Work and play

Augmenting the "fun and games" aspect of student travel with "plenty of hard work" was the theme of Malcolm Blincoe's talk on the Canadian University Service Overseas.

Although basically deserving its nickname as the Canadian Peace Corps, Blincoe emphasized that, as a private organization, CUSO is not specifically interested in impressing Western ideas on the people it reaches.

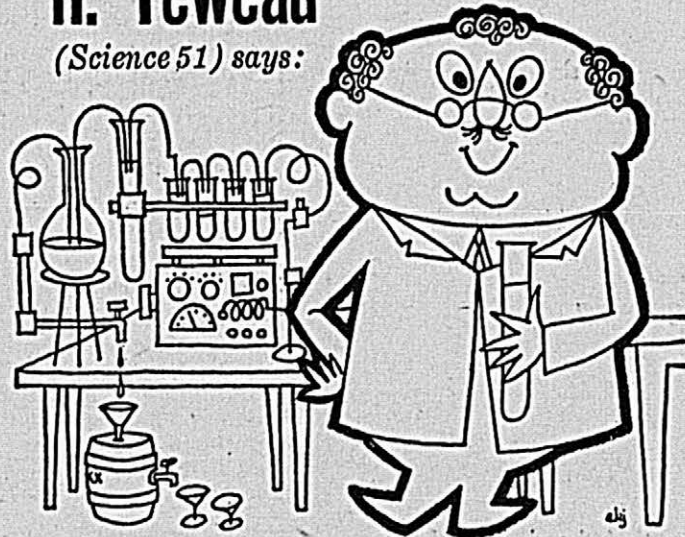
False impressions

F. Hanson of SAS Airlines completed Thursday's activities with a question period on travel in Scandinavia. Hanson attempted to remove some of the false impressions about Scandinavia by citing his own travel experiences in Sweden and Norway.

Travel Week will conclude today with a program on Italy. A film shown by Director Gavio, of the Italian State Tourist Office will be featured.

H. Teweau

(Science 51) says:



I think matter is that which does —
when you step into the future without
a good banking connection at ...



BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank for Students

You'll find these B of M Branches especially convenient:

- Mansfield & Sherbrooke Sts.: W. E. LAWSON, Mgr. (conveniently located near entrance to McGill Campus)
- University & St. Catherine Sts.: T. J. J. KENNEDY, Mgr. (2 blocks South)
- Peel St. (2020 Stanley St.): J. HENDERSON, Mgr. (2 blocks South West)
- Mansfield & St. Catherine Sts.: E. J. BENSON, Mgr. (3 blocks South West)
- Sherbrooke & Drummond Sts.: T. HENRY, Mgr. (4 blocks West)
- Standard Life Bldg.: J. C. McWILLIAM, Mgr. (5 blocks West)

a big step on the road to success is an early banking connection

U10-59

Broad field of careers presented to coeds

The Women's Union Careers' Conference, to be held on January 23, aims this year at introducing women students to some of the more out-of-the-way and interesting careers.

The Conference, to be held at the School of Social Work, 3508 University St., will last from 6 to 10 pm. Miss Marion V. Royce, Director of the Women's Bureau, Department of Labour, will be the keynote speaker of the seminar.

A recently appointed member of the International Labour Organization's Panel of Consultants on the Problems of Women Workers, she has done extensive work in education and social welfare.

After the buffet supper, which will be served from 6 to 7 pm, Miss Royce will address the Conference on the Careers' Conference topic — the broad field of career opportunities for women.

Freedom of movement

Following a question period, the meeting will break up for the three seminars and workshops: business, industry and government service; health and public welfare; and communications. Students are free to move from one workshop to another during the discussion periods.

Registration for the Conference will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, January 14 and 15 in the R.V.C. Lobby from 12-2 pm, and in the Arts Building and P.S.C. Lobbies from 10 am to 3 pm. A 50¢ deposit must be made at registration which will be refunded at the Conference.

Astronomer notes Canada's likeness to lunar landscape

by ROBERT CHODOS

"When cryptovolcanic structures in the United States are added to craters in Canada, the map of North America is very similar to a map of the lunar surface."

This statement was made by Dominion Astronomer Dr. C. S. Beals last night in a lecture dealing with meteorite craters on Earth and their similarity to craters on the moon.

Dr. Beals said that despite the apparent similarity of lunar and terrestrial craters, a problem which has long puzzled scientists arises in that there are about thirty thousand craters on the moon but only ten to twelve known craters on Earth.

Craters obliterated

He explained that "geological conditions on Earth are quite different from those on the moon, and would tend to obliterate any surface feature."

Dr. Beals discussed such remnants, such as the cryptovolcanic structures in the United States, and craters in Canada and elsewhere which are believed to have been caused by meteorites.

He explained, with the help of photographs and diagrams, the evidence through which he and his colleagues concluded that several Canadian craters, including the Brent, Holleford, and Deep Bay craters, were of impact origin.

Coil ropes! Up ice picks! Get to class!

Yesterday was quite a day, weather-wise.

First it snowed, but only for a while. Then it rained, but only for a while. For all this was preparation for what followed: it iced.

Now, ice isn't so bad at the University of Alberta, or any other flat-founded school, but McGill prides itself on its Alpine trails from class to class. Mostly, it prides itself on the physical conditioning of its economists, who daily pack rope and pick to scale the heights to Purvis Hall. Except yesterday the heights were ice, ice from heaven, one component at a time.

So we forgot about Economics, and went to the Bookstore.

MENU

UNION CAFETERIA

CHICKEN FRIED RICE 70¢
FRIED HADDOCK 80¢

Including: Bread or Rolls and Butter; Mashed or French Fried Potatoes; Vegetables; Tea, Coffee, or Milk; Dessert

OPEN 12-2, 5-7 PM



THE B'NAI B'RITH HILLEL FOUNDATION

AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Announces Two Program Events

Sat. Jan. 11
8:30 pm

AT JEWISH PUBLIC
LIBRARY AUDITORIUM
(Mt. Royal & Esplanade)

SOCIAL EVENT

Featuring
Entertainment
by Solomon and
Mina Yakim

Pantomime Artists of Israel

DANCING TO A TRIO

Refreshments...

Nominal Admission

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

Mon. Jan. 13
5 pm

IN WALTER M. STEWART
ROOM OF THE MCGILL
UNION

Lecture — Discussion

on

"A Jewish
Existentialist's View
of God"

Guest Lecturer

Rabbi Eugene Borowitz

Rabbi Borowitz is Lecturer in Jewish Religion, Thought at Hebrew Union College, Jewish Institute of Religion in New York and Adjunct Professor of Religion at Temple University, Philadelphia.

Careers anyone?

On January 23, 1964 the Women's Union will inaugurate a new and very valuable service, in cooperation with the Alumnae Society of McGill University. Under the general theme of "Career Opportunities for University Women", a four hour conference will be held, designed to acquaint female students with the opportunities which await them upon graduation.

A number of highly qualified women, representing many areas of activity will be present to lead special study workshops after the conference has been opened by a keynote address from Miss Marion V. Royce, the Director of the Women's Bureau of the Federal Department of Labour and a lady from whom we could all learn much.

When one considers the idea of a careers conference, many ideas come to mind. Perhaps the first is whether such an undertaking will be of any real value. Of this there can be little doubt. While it is not necessary, nor is it always desirable, to enter university with a specific job in mind for which your degree happens to be the prerequisite, many of us

find ourselves quite lost as graduation approaches. The student who will shortly obtain his Bachelor of Arts degree may joke about its relationship with a cup of coffee and the proverbial ten cents, but the humour quickly palls as he begins to look for employment.

The Women's Union Careers Conference is designed to help those who are unsure of their futures to learn about the openings available to them, the nature of various careers, and the preparation which may be required by each of the different fields.

It is to be hoped that as many students as possible will take advantage of this opportunity. Moreover it would be wise for the (Men's) Union, the Education Committee, or some special body to look into the possibility of holding precisely such a conference for the males who inhabit our campus. Not all the men who enter McGill are firmly set on a path towards the law, engineering, medicine, or any of the other professions. Many of those who are so set, are even more vulnerable for they may not have considered either the alternatives or the combinations which are available. At present little, if anything, is done to aid or advise these people.

McGILL & DAILY

Fifty-third Year of Publication
The Oldest College Daily in the Commonwealth

The McGill Daily is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University at 690 Sherbrooke Street West, Telephone AV. 8-2244. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Montreal. Editorial opinions expressed are those of the Managing Board and not the official opinion of the Students' Executive Council.

MANAGING BOARD

David Goldenblatt Editor-in-Chief
Robert Prinsky Managing Editor
Alan Chodos Executive Editor

DEPARTMENT HEADS

Joy Fenston (Associate Editor); Noel Roy (News Editor); Lew Soroka (Newsfeatures Editor); Susan Altschul (Editor of Panorama); Martin Malina (Literary Editor); Enn Raudsepp (Sports Editor); David Davey (Photography Editor); Sheila Leigh (C.U.P. Editor); Carlo Miller (Senior Staff Writer); William L. Hersh (Advertising Manager).

IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

banal as it may be; and I cherish the forlorn hope that neither Barry Lester, sandy gage, sharol sutherland, johi dufort, jale williams, Irwil cotter, susal altschul, martil malila, x shallol, welda mclevil, nor allal's brother bob will take offense at such abuse; at this hour of the am untelligibility is only to be expected; de's assemble at 1 pm today; and I said kidleys, didl's IT AALIE.

JANUARY 10, 1964

No one would advocate the reshaping of McGill into an institution dedicated to the placing of each student into his or her "correct" little niche. However it would be very useful to provide some guidance for those who are in need.

In Memoriam

I cry out that the days of Eulogies
are not dead
a great good man has died unjustly.
I cry out in the name of
man

It pains me — hurts me — but if I
cry out with feeling
it is because I know
I share

a Public Wound
a public guilt

If this is no ordinary way of mourning
it is done sincerely

I am not a Mark Antony
and I have no
Will to offer to the people

For a poet he was a symbol of goodness
killed by someone else's notion of the 'good'

and We are responsible

I wanted to write a poem
so I searched for a symbol
that all mankind could feel
in the neo-platonic spirit
I cried out for the sun

But Plato was right
there are no Universals in nature

Yet here, we appreciate the sun
and I can say
he was like a part of sunlight

He thought and felt and acted as one.

We are all 'different'
But we're all the same
But some of us are bigger than others.
And the biggest are the most responsible

I am responsible for all mankind
When I make each choice, I choose for all

There are no Universals here
the marvel of it is that now
the same name
has so many colors

In Montreal we are a great
and wonderful mongrel — mixture
of grey humanity

Red Orange Yellow Green Blue Purple Brown Black

— ONE Yes, all Virtue Is One

and tragedy is everywhere
here and now
everywhere men are 'dying' unjustly

And thinking of our differences
will never help us see
that we are one

All fresh new snow is white; snowflakes are
each a perfect crystal
a scientist once told me
no snowflake is like any other
snowflake

That's the wonder of it
each man as unique as a snowflake
but part of all mankind

Gently falling snowflakes peacefully
leaving the heavens and sinking
into the earth beneath

Nature has it all over us
she's got it worked out
There's Harmony hidden there

But down here it's all multifaceted
complicated and confusing
but when

I am under the stars at night
and they glisten out of the darkness
calmly and peacefully

I say saints are like stars
and they glisten out of the dark heavens

All I know is everyone is free
freedom is within us

freedom is in the way anything is done

I am free to write a poem
I tried to make it good
I tried my best
that was my freedom

we can choose
(we can choose creation or destruction)
we have it in our hands

remembering we only have the here and now
and the 'moving moment'

and small things first:
whatever you do, do it better, try harder
and the best beginning
is to say with a great good teacher
out of the past

"I only know
that I do not know"

Keys...

(Continued from page 1)

He added that patriotism and nationalism are both unshareable and inexplicable to an outsider. In fact, he exclaimed, "All nationalism is a curse to mankind, but it's something we must get used to."

"We (McGill) must take the challenge and lead the way. We must work for a renewed faith in Canadian unity."

He concluded by saying that, of all the universities in the world, McGill would always be home to him. He was going to try, he added, to introduce the idea of Keys to King's College, London.

The banquet is an annual event, the only time when Key members may drink and smoke in uniform. At this time, the new Keys are initiated, the old ones thanked, and felt keys given to those who have contributed on an extraordinary level.

Those to receive their felt key were Dave Goldenblatt, Joe Oliver, Lenny Flanz, Ron Williams, Saeed Mirza, and Bruce Denny-Brown.

Twenty-one new members of the Scarlet Key were initiated at the time. They were Enn Raudsepp, Steve Chandler, John Armstrong, Johnny Lee, Harold Katzin, Brian Marshall, Andrej Shaburskis, Richard Rabett;

Paul Love, Roger Chan, Rick Foster, Ray Lawson, Doug Craig, Colin Moseley, Roy Lee, Steve Windisch, George Kubanek, Dave Caulfield, Bruce Cleven, Dave Flam, and Don Taylor.

After the presentations, Scarlet Key President Martin Rumschmidt made an unusual speech "being unusual in that I have said an unusual amount of unusual things without, unusually, becoming confused."

He had said, in fact, that "This year we have had to order an unusually large number of unusually large sweaters because we have an unusually large number of unusually large Keys."

"If any old members have any unusually large sweaters which they would be willing to lend to any of our unusually large number of unusually large Keys, would they please contact me about these unusually large sweaters for these unusually..."

WENDA McNEVIN

PANORAMA

Vol. 3

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1964

No. 12

SCOPE Art Exhibit '64

The Third Annual McGill Students' Art Exhibit, sponsored by SCOPE, is currently on display in the Redpath Library.

Early this week the display, smaller than in past years, was judged by three well-known figures on the Montreal art scene: Chaki, an artist, originally from Israel, who spent seven years studying in Paris, and has now taken up residence in Montreal; M. Claude H. Haefely, owner of an art gallery on Peel Street, which specializes in French and Canadian art; and M. Camille Hébert, owner of the Bishop Street Galerie Camille Hébert.

The criticism of the judges was unanimous in several respects. They felt the exhibit was moderately good as a whole, but what it was too small for them to be able to award prizes on a truly fair basis. (Chaki, who participated in the judging last year, remarked that the level of the entries was much higher in the present display.)

Chaki, Haefely, and Hébert immediately singled out Pierre Coupey's "Requiem Study No. 23.7" for first prize. They agreed that Coupey's work far surpassed any of the other entrants in expression and technical composition. Speaking for the three, Chaki pointed out that Coupey's work displayed a remarkable spirit and originality. "An element of liberty pervades the painting, and the colours, vibrant and bright, seem to jump out at you." Coupey does noticeably show the influence of other painters, he commented, but this is a characteristic of youth. And most important of all, he is not afraid to take risks.

The first-prize winner is a fourth year Arts student, who has never studied painting, and does most of his work at home in his basement. Coupey's painting has been exhibited at the

previous McGill presentations, at the Dominion Square Exhibit in 1962, the Third International Hong Kong Salon of Painting, 1963, and the Sixième Salon de la Jeune Peinture et Sculpture at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. Next year, Coupey hopes to study art in Paris, either at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière or at the Académie Julian.

Compared to Coupey's work, the judges found the rest of the entries rather stiff and academic. Ninette Rawas, the second prize winner, was praised for her use of colour and brush work in her painting entitled "Two Figures." Chaki was especially pleased with the interesting criss-cross effect Miss Rawas managed to obtain near the back of the right figure, and what he termed her "remarkable naivety."

Chaki, Haefely, and Hébert awarded the third painting prize

to Ron Williams for his "Landscape, Ungava Bay." In this small, rather somber painting they found a certain freedom and mystery, which they admired, together with a feeling for "the aesthetic."

Noticeable dissension arose among the judges over Andrejs Skaburskis' abstract entitled "A City." Haefely and Hébert were unimpressed, but Chaki found the colour good, and something in it not to be expressed in words, which appealed to him greatly. The work was given honourable mention.

In the drawing competition, Gunar V. Janitens' "Nude" obtained first prize. The judges admired the flowing lines in the woodcut, and found these more effective than the object itself. Lynn Davidow's "And Life and the Fields" was awarded the second prize in this section, not because, as the judges put it, of any distinguishable merit, but since her drawing has less technical errors than any others.

There were a few comments on the rest of the entries. Katherine Bomath's "Paulo" was found extremely expressive, but too forced and academic. Chaki was impressed by the element of chance in Maria Mihaly's only entry "And God Created", while general descriptions of the painting ranged from "too photographic" to "a mish mosh" and "it's not powerful enough to really be art."

Chaki summed up the judges' feelings in saying that the exhibit as a student attempt was on the whole worthwhile, but that in the future it would be better to encourage more artists to submit paintings so that the display could gain in scope.

The SCOPE Committee, in an attempt to raise the standard of presentation from former years, has been selective in choosing entries. Consequently the display is smaller than in the past, including only thirty-five paintings and drawings — the work of seventeen artists.

LISA BORENSTEIN

A Student Appraisal

By FRANKLIN TOKER and DACE DZIRNE

How much should we demand of the student artists at McGill? Polished technique? Imagination? Originality? Should they present us with an exhibition of professional quality or is it enough that they manifest their good intentions with promise of future improvement?

While appreciating the fact that a paucity of students interested in art forces SCOPE to include artists of varied training in their exhibition, we regret that entrants could not have been judged in separate categories rather than in direct competition. Some entries have evidently been conceived as exercises in draughtsmanship, others as academic treatments of certain subjects, still others as experiments in novel configurations or colour harmonies. Thus, whether the artist is successful or not in his attempt depends on his objectives, not on a comparison with other works.

Relegating the professional technique to the position of a secondary criterion, we must at least expect originality and imagination from the artist community of McGill. In this respect a verdict on the Third Annual might well read: good ideas, routine execution. While the result is not as pleasing as the Second Annual, it exceeds it in integrity and holds far more promise for the future. Visitors to the last exhibition might rejoice at expertly contrived student imitations of Jacques de Tonnancour, Riopelle, Mondrian and the later Bourdrouas. This year the lobby of Redpath may not present the same facile treatment, but augurs far better in artistic promise. What may disappoint spectators more than the flaws in technical skill is the almost total lack of emotional attraction emanating from these canvases. With few exceptions, the works have no direct appeal to the viewers, which negates what is often considered the *sine qua non* of good art.

Surely Requiem Study 23.7 is the most exuberant composition in the exhibit. Pierre Coupey has won First Prize in Painting for a carefully arranged synthesis of brilliant colours, dynamically swept into place to get the maximum effect of each tone. One may argue that Coupey did not set himself the most exacting objectives, but his variation of texture and brush-strokes, the movement and vivacity of his diagonals and the over-all scheme of colours present the most consistent work of the showing. It seems in these respects quite superior to Requiem Study 14.

One can only puzzle over the judges' decision to award Second Prize, Painting to the Two Figures by Ninette Rawas. The intentions of the artist seem to be quite intellectually conceived, but the composition has been executed in such an obscure fashion that its meaning is scarcely comprehensible. The anatomical drawing is so vague that, lacking support from any variation in colour, these figures are lifeless silhouettes. We can only question

(Continued on page 7)



Requiem Study 23.7, the prize-winning painting

MOVIES

A new kind of love

A NEW KIND OF LOVE: Produced and directed by Melville Shavelson from his original screenplay. Now showing at Loew's Theatre, starring Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Maurice Chevalier, Eva Gabor.

A one aspirin movie.

This movie establishes one thing — perhaps type casting isn't so bad after all. Paul Newman, ostensibly playing Steve Sherman, is actually playing Paul Newman, and as such, is one of the few characters giving a creditable performance. He plays, as usual, an intelligent, arrogant, sensitive, smoulderingly-sexy, angry young man with a penchant for females, notably shapely young blondes ranging from a Parisienne stripper to his boss's wife. Which, incidentally, leads to his downfall. And he falls with a bang.

Joanne Woodward, as Samantha "Sam" Blake, is, on the contrary, stepping out of character. As a man-hating, self-contained, fashion designer who wears pencils instead of curls in her hair, she radiates a boyish, mop-flop realism. But when it finally hits her, after God-only-knows how much champagne, that she really can't live without men, or at least one of them — Paul Newman — something dreadful happens. She assumes two new looks.

With her long, platinum-blond wig, she looks like an overpainted whore — so much so that a wandering opportunist sells her to Newman at one hundred dollars an hour (for conversation). Without said wig, she looks even worse. How Newman managed to comment on her "innocent look" without breaking up is quite beyond comprehension.

Her metamorphosis is the most amazing aspect of this movie — she goes from being approached by a prostitute to being approached as a prostitute to a love-fraught creature

screaming "I wouldn't have done it, not really!" wouldn't have done what? "Accepted the money after."

She doesn't fit. The minute she stops looking like your kid brother, she becomes so unbearable you're rather suspicious that perhaps a mishap has occurred — she aged twenty years overnight, resulting from a shock, maybe?

Maybe her good reviews for *The Stripper* went to her head and she decided to quit acting. Then again, perhaps being faced with two such awful scripts was just too much for her.

Thelma Ritter, as the aging, long-since divorced senior fashion designer who has passed fifteen disillusioning years waiting for her boss, George Tobias, to realize that he loves her, has a hard time competing against Eva Gabor, playing Eva Gabor. (A second example where type casting proves the best idea). In fact, if fate hadn't stepped in in a most improbable manner, she would probably still be standing around looking pathetic and accomplishing nothing.

Regrettably, there is nothing in this movie that the censors could conceivably object to. The absence of a half-hour towards the end of the film would be the most redeeming force applicable.

W. McN.

Heavens Above!

HEAVENS ABOVE — A Boulting Brothers production, directed by John Boulting, from an original screenplay by Frank Harvey and John Boulting now playing at the Avenue Theatre, with the following cast:

Rev. John Smallwood	Peter Sellers
Archdeacon Aspinall	Cecil Parker
Lady Despard	Isabel Jeans
Harry Smith	Eric Sykes
Simpson	Bernard Miles
Matthew	Brock Peters
The Other Smallwood	I. Carmichael
Rene Smith	Irene Handl

Heavens Above! is a subtle comedy that pokes fairly sharp if not very cutting fun at the Church of England and its temporal allies, the fat cats of all classes of English society. Peter Sellers plays a C. of E. parson of humble birth, plucked from his duties as a prison chaplain and set down through bureaucratic carelessness in the posh green purlieus of picturesque Orbiston Parva a typical Tory stronghold in the Home counties. Mr. Sellers' Rev. Smallwood, is a good man with a coarse accent and the misfortune to take the teachings of Jesus literally.

The virtuous man preaching Christianity in a community dedicated to social climbing at every level except lowest, which is dedicated to a constant, unjoyous, petty crookedness, necessarily destroys the balance of nature. The good shepherd worries his flock, installing a black West Indian sheep (Brock Peters) as his warden and persuading the local aristo (Isabel Jeans) to convert the family shares in Tranquilax ("a sedative, a stimulant, a laxative") into free grub for all.

To save its skin society must repudiate him at once, and so the entire Establishment, the venal archdeacon, the bishop, and even at last the Prime Minister, conspire to outwit the saintly, dangerous revolutionary in their midst; New Jerusalem has no place in England's green and pleasant land.

Greed has bred dissension and disaster, and after a beating-up, Smallwood is elevated by his venal superiors to Bishop of Outer Space and a rather poor and desperate dénouement, although I rather think Mr. Muggeridge, on whose idea the story was based, would de-

light in the thought of an astronaut broadcasting Christmas carols from the upper atmosphere.

Much as I would like to praise this film unreservedly — and Peter Sellers for one, tempts me with his extraordinary and consummate skill — *Heavens Above!* has some serious faults which I think are those of much contemporary comedy. At one stage, for instance, the spurned priest is urinated on by a little dog as he talks at a door. This scene seems to be a perfect summing up of the muddled and offensive opportunism of this film and many others like it. A dog peeing on someone's shoe is, of course, a scream, part of our great cultural heritage of humour, (as is any reference to lavatories, scoutmasters, psychiatrists, or unemployed layabouts with large families — and all these are invoked in *Heavens Above!*) but even the most determined laughter may sense, wiping the tears from his eyes, that Sellers' puzzled dignity has slightly spoiled his fun. He may even wonder where the roar and bellow went when the food queues turn ugly and cracks about Jews and black men fly through the air!

Make no mistake about it: although the pleasant pudding of *Heavens Above!* is slightly spoiled by a nasty aftertaste, it remains a good film, perfectly cast and flawlessly acted, and of course, there'll always be a Sellers.

M. M.

The Informer

THE INFORMER — a film by John Ford, made in May, 1935, for RKO pictures with Camera by Joseph August, music by Max Steiner, now playing at the Elysée with the following cast:

Gypo	Victor McLaglen
Mary McPhillip	Heather Angel
Dan Gallagher	Preston Foster
Katie Madden	Margot Grahame
Frankie McPhillip	Wallace Ford

This grand film made by John Ford is one of the very few of those really excellent 'oldies' that make people wonder what ever happened to the good old Hollywood film of yesteryear. It is no wonder that Ford is a director who is considered still very important among the resurgent and vital film-makers on the continent.

Gypo, impoverished and hungry in strife-torn Ireland of the early twenties, sells out his old buddy, Frankie McPhillip, to collect the twenty-pound reward offered by the police for information leading to his capture. Frankie is shot down by the police, and Gypo gets his £20. But soon remorse sets in, and he repents his action. Still he hopes that this will make it possible for him and his girlfriend, (played admirably by Margot Grahame in a role that we cannot imagine in other hands than those of Deltrich), to get to America, that wonderful land of all possible come true (or so he thinks). Note: £20 reward = 2 x £10 passage per person to America. This is convenient.

But complications arise. The revolutionary body of which Johnny was a member comes to the conclusion that there must have been an informer. They suspect Gypo. To further involve things it turns out that Dan Gallagher, the leader of this Irish equivalent to the Mafia, is in love with (and mutually loved by) Mary, who, of course, is Johnny's sister, a sweet young thing. All these elements tend toward a melodramatic effect that is saved, and brilliantly, by a sensitivity of presentation that we might associate, second-

hand, with the earlier Polish and Czech efforts dating after the war.

The climax comes with the revolutionary court-martial of Gypo, which, incidentally, is very reminiscent of the court of criminals set up to try Peter Lorre in 'M'.

As well as giving an excellent portrait of Dublin, a city of shadowy and mysterious buildings together with just as shady individuals, tense and desperate — a city as electric as a charged wire — we also get a successful communication of the revolutionary edge. The Informer reminds one of Von Sternberg at his best. Despite the element of melodrama and absurd ending, ("Johnny, your muddah forgives me" — and he clutches his breast and dies), this is a most powerful film. McLaglen gives an astonishing portrayal of a low brute. It is as powerful a film as *Scarface*, or anything in the whole powerful vocabulary redolent of fog and grime and dirtiness that the Germans introduced to the Americans within the idiom of realistic representation.

B.N.

The Leopard

THE LEOPARD. Directed by Luchino Visconti. Adapted from the novel by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. With Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale, and Alain Delon. Now showing at the Kent and Outremont theatres.

When this film won the Grand Prize at Cannes, there was set up, almost immediately, a reaction against its choice. This, however was not particularly unique, since it seems that Cannes 'winners' are without fail endowed with the special privilege of being 'panned' by the esoteric critics. Yet, at the time, it seemed almost inconceivable that Visconti — in colour, with an unlimited budget, and treating a semi-autobiographical theme — could possibly be as bad as these critics cared to contend. And the truth is that Visconti is really not that bad at all.

The setting of the film is in Italy during the time of Garibaldi's uprising. We are introduced to the 'Leopard's' family and its head (Burt Lancaster). This is a rich and noble family of the Italian aristocracy. It is when his nephew (Alain Delon, very handsome and dashing) runs off to join Garibaldi's rebels that 'big uncle' (that is, Lancaster) realizes that the time has come where the Sicilian people, as well as the rest of the disunited and discontent Italian nation, will awaken from a lethargic slumber to participate in a forceful revolt. Things must now change, so that in the end they may remain the same. He realizes that his class of society is willing to sacrifice anything in order that it retain the promise of another twenty or fifty years of life. The Church would do the same, he comments to his priest.

And so comes the revolution. 'Little nephew' becomes a hero, and romance enters into his life. First with one of the Prince's (Lancaster's) daughters, a girl of Catholic virtue like her mother (Lancaster complains that though he has had seven children with his wife, he has not seen so much as her navel). But this draws to its abrupt conclusion when that daughter of the devil himself, Claudia Cardinale, a voluptuous and teasing apéritif, enters into the picture of things, as the daughter of a member of the 'haute bourgeoisie'. She eclipses the Prince's daughter in his affec-

tions, much to the satisfaction of the Prince (he's really a first-rate uncle, and knows a good thing when he sees it), and eventually, through the aid of the Prince, the two are engaged.

When the revolution has succeeded, Garibaldi is deserted, and the new monarchy is restored by plebiscite. The intellectual climax of the film is reached when a representative of the new regime comes to visit with the Prince and to ask him if he would consider joining the government as a member of the upper house. But this is impossible. The Prince is one of those unhappy persons thrust unwillingly between two generations, between two ideas. He is a 'leopard' among those who are about to see the succession of sheep and jackals, and must travel alone. In the magnificent ball sequence at the end we see the reaction upon the different strata of society caused by this change. It is the Prince who is first to see that though his aim was to effect changelessness out of the flux of the times, that in the end this is an impossibility, because like the times, he himself has grown older and more weary. If the bourgeoisie are to control things, as they inevitably must, then we have progressed one step nearer to our annihilation.

Visconti, in this film, has moved markedly away from the type of filming characteristic of the school of post-war neo-realism that has so pervaded his work of the past ten or fifteen years. And this is a movement in a fruitful direction. The filming is much more luxuriant and textural, involving a more evident virtuosity. Though not conjunctive throughout, the film shows promise of better things to come from Visconti. We really can't blame him for the Brooklyn accents we find in the dubbing. The characterization of the major personages are vivid and real, those of the less important, splendid in their caricature.

B. N.

Hallelujah the Hills

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS — A Vermont Production release of a David C. Stone production, written, directed and edited by Adolphas Mekas, now playing at the Elysée with the following cast:

Jack	Peter H. Beard
Leo	Martin Greenbaum
Vera (Winter)	Sheila Finn
Vera (Summer)	Peggy Steffans
Father	Jerome Raphael
Mother	Blanche Dee
Convict 1	Jerome Hill
Convict 2	Taylor Mead
Gideon	Emsh

Adolphas Mekas' opinion of the New Wave film makers (of all nationalities) is probably "if you can't join them, parody them", and has done this so well in *Hallelujah the Hills* that he has succeeded (at least in one way) in joining them.

Off beat, nutty, whimsical, clever, brilliantly funny; all these terms have been used to describe the film, and they all fit. The list of its victims is enormously large, ranging from early Griffith to late Truffaut and Antonioni. And between all the spoofing (and this is what makes the film so good), Mekas has found time to be tender and touching in his story. The photography is original and always inventive, and *Hallelujah the Hills* is worth seeing for its visual delight alone. Altogether it adds up to divine idiocy, irresistibly funny.

M. M.



Standing in front of the winning picture, (left to right): Paul Yaphe, M. Haefely, M. Hebert, Chaki, and Pierre Coupey.

Appraisal...

(Continued from page 5)

the purpose of this distortion, for no purpose can be read into such a limply-coloured work. The artist wishes to relate the two

figures in some manner. Each dominates its half of the composition, the subject of one half being clothed in the colour which borders the other half. This could be a very effective device to elucidate some profound intellectual conceit, but the drab tonality of the colours destroys any possibility of a lasting impression of this canvas.

Miss Rawas' work, for all the planning and contemplation which obviously preceded its execution, cannot disentangle itself from a fallacy common to too many entries — the belief that a work of art which commands an infinite variety of emo-

For its Christmas programme, La Boutique d'Opéra has turned once again to Gian-Carlo Menotti, and this time to his well-known "Amahl and the Night Visitors", accompanied by Offenbach's "Le Mariage aux Lanternes".

Once again, the group is concentrating on "total production" and although with less success, the production still attempts to give the elements of music, acting, dance, decor, costume, and lighting equal importance. It is not because of weak attempt but of limited artistry that the visual effect is deficient.

The singing, on the other hand, is of as high a standard as usual, possibly even better, considering the size of the cast. This is undoubtedly due, at least in part, to the unexpected return of the venerable Fernan-

tional responses through an ephemeral sort of "suggestiveness" is preferable to a work which is designed for one specific emotional appeal. There is so little that is positive in this painting, so little movement, so little vitality, that its intellectual concept is lost in a welter of passivity.

Landscape, Ungava Bay, the Ron Williams entry in pastels, won Third Prize. It has a certain appeal in the handling of colours and especially in the effective grey used for the sky, interspersed with white streaks.

de Chiochio, who has been replacing Clarice Carson, the ailing lead of "Amahl".

The main trouble with "Amahl" is the unavoidable feeling that it is trivial. Like most of Menotti's work it is a musical hybrid, combining elements of schmaltz, dramatic lyricism and, in the case of the three kings (les visiteurs), quasi-medieval semi-Gregorian chant. The most one expects is poignance, which this production manages to provide with an equal dose of dramatic anguish.

Fernande Chiochio sang and acted with her usual ability and flexibility. Through her facile range and the intensity of her voice, she convincingly draws from the rather mundane role, a quality of true pathos. As her son Amahl, Richard Charron, who must be about 12, sings with the inimitable purity of a 12-year-old treble voice and has a quiet flare for comedy. The three kings sang well separately, but better in trio. Some of the best moments musically were the contrapuntal efforts of the whole cast.

The dancers were unable to overcome the somewhat equestrian choreography but perhaps the stylistic indecision of Menotti influenced the choreographic indecision of Michel Boudot (who is Directeur de l'Ate-

lier de Choreographie Canadienne, which also uses the premises of la Boutique).

The costumes were also heterogeneous: some were bad and some weren't. The set was more inventive, utilizing diverse levels and a backdrop well complemented by the lighting.

The Offenbach work is longer but less famous. Its absence of plot and none too impressive music justify its obscurity but the cast of four frolicked through it agreeably. In this case the comedy and ribald characterizations surpassed the vocal capacity of the performers but only rarely uncomfortably so. Once again singers produced better trios and quartets than solos. Lucie Gaudreau and Carmen Gagnon were always within their effective ranges; Georges Forget and Marielle Bisson who equalled their acting will no doubt improve vocally as is the aim of the Boutique in providing them with the opportunity of gaining experience.

The musical and stage direction, by the Directrice Jacqueline Richard and Louise Polin respectively, was as usual disciplined, economic and as imaginative as the diminutive theater permits, or perhaps demands.

The programme is running until Saturday, with student tickets every night. J.D.F.

The expansiveness of the vista presented is perhaps the motive for the use of the cramped juxtaposition of colours in the foreground. Neither an impressionistic nor purely representational composition, this pleasant work would escape the notice of most casual visitors were it not for the Third Prize designation.

André Skaburskis' abstract entry; A City merits deep contemplation by those who are looking at pictures more and enjoying them less. Skaburskis won Honourable Mention, Painting, for a composition which is virtually the antithesis of the First Prize winner. This is not an exciting work. It is an intellectual study, as subtle and enticing in its quiet composure as the other is bold and restless. This is hardly a conventional abstract treatment of the mood of a city. The colours merge in such gentle transition that the viewer is drawn to the four circles of forcefully-applied colour, which by the relative difference in size, give a spatial relation to the two halves of the canvas. These shapes and lines convey a mood without recourse to actual figurative representation.

First Prize, Drawing went to Gunars V. Janitens for his Nude. With a remarkable economy of line he exploits this medium to achieve a precise rendering of a

difficult posture and psychological content. Second Prize in this category crowned Lynn Davidow's And Life and the Fields which is a most convincing panorama with the means employed. Her other lithograph, For Life is Flowing, is a more exciting work Chagall-like in its symbolism and élan.

One of the most compelling entries of the exhibition was Paulo by Katherine Bonathan. The excellent modelling of the face, partly bathed in sunlight, the accurate drawing of the anatomy and the near-Surrealistic rapport between viewer and subject synthesize in a work of rare emotion. The composition seems not to achieve full consistency because of the drastic change in style between subject and background. In a design which centres the subject so predominantly, a more detailed background would produce a more balanced interest — in this otherwise charming vignette.

Another work of considerable imagination is the Planissimo of Lyndia Deckelbaum. Here is a true Surrealistic effect which could have been carried farther. What begins as a great contrast of two lithe curvilinear figures set off by a brown wall ends in monotony, which might have been relieved by a more exacting perspective in the maze bordering the wall.

PANORAMA

Published every Friday by the McGill Daily at 690 Sherbrooke Street West. Panorama is a weekly review of entertainment in Montreal, incorporating both criticism and features.

EDITOR OF PANORAMA

Susan Altschul

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Anne Beatts, Martin Malina

STAFF CRITICS AND WRITERS

Julie Aneckstein, Elizabeth Anyon, Tanya Ballantyne, Lisa Borenstein, David Francis, Merrill Kachanoff, Rick Kitaeff, Norma Levine, Joe Medjuck, Brian Nevitt, Elyse Weinberg, Fred Rosenzweig, Harry Bloomfield (staff photographer).

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Jane Williams, Barry Nestor, Sandy Gage, Bill Hersh, Wenda McNevin, Ilona Shilov, Arnold Cohen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1964

Texmade

Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Chemical, Engineering

(Permanent and summer employment
for classes of 1964 & 65)

and

Science, Arts, Commerce

(for classes of 1964)

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES IN ENGINEERING,
MANUFACTURING, SALES & INDUSTRIAL
RELATIONS

with

DOMINION TEXTILE CO. LTD.

in Montreal, and other Quebec locations

CAMPUS INTERVIEWS TO BE HELD AS FOLLOWS:

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14 — ARTS, SCIENCE,

COMMERCE

WED. & THURS. JAN. 15 & 16 — ENGINEERING

Appointments for interviews should be made
through the Placement Office



THE HOLLOW CROWN

A ROYAL REVUE

An entertainment by and about the
Kings and Queens of England.

Starring

Leading Members of the
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE
COMPANY

"An expertly fashioned, gracefully
rendered evening... A rare and
resplendent novelty."

TIME MAGAZINE.

"An enchanting evening. Holds the
audience in a strong and silken
spell."

NEW YORK NEWS.

"Taste and style magically wedded."
N.Y. JOURNAL.

"Humorous, touching, warmly human."
N.Y. POST.

Fri. Sat. Eves.

Jan. 17, 18

Matinee: Sun. Jan. 19

PLACE DES ARTS

Prices (incl. tax) Eves. \$5., \$4.,
\$3.50, \$3., \$2.; Mat. \$4., \$3.50,
\$3., \$2.50, \$2.

Tickets on sale at La Place des Arts;
Canadian Concerts, 1822 Sherbrooke
W. and Atlantic & Pacific Travel,
4950 Queen Mary Rd., Room 405.
Mail Orders. Cheque payable and
addressed to Canadian Concerts &
Artists Inc., 1822 Sherbrooke W.,
Montreal.



Stern enhances MSO concert

Montreal Symphony Orchestra at Place des Arts, January 6th and 7th, 1964, conducted by Zubin Mehta in the following program:

Three Overtures Weber

Concerto in G major, K.216 Mozart
soloist - Isaac Stern

Poème Chausson
soloist - Isaac Stern

Symphony No. 4, Op. 98 Brahms

Zubin Mehta has returned at last to Montreal, after we have witnessed a parade of guest conductors. Welcome home!

Isaac Stern is one of the most respected violinists in the world, and rightly so. He has complete mastery over his instrument,

making the tone of his violin superb. His one flaw seems to be that his tempo is not always accurate, as if he were off in a cloud, unaware of the fact that there is an orchestra accompanying him. But this is incidental.

I am not a Mozart fan, and was rather disappointed to see that the main concerto was by that revered man. The concerto itself was dull, but the mere fact that Stern was the soloist added interest. No particular movement stood out, although the various cadenzas were composed, I believe, by Stern. At least they didn't sound too 'Mozartian'!

Chausson is rather unknown. He was a French composer toward the end of the last century, and this work for violin and or-

chestra was in the style of that period. But it was schmaltzy and easy to listen to, and that's about all that can be said about it.

The Brahms Symphony was played with great enthusiasm and vigour, and was extremely enjoyable. I particularly liked the third movement with the marvelous theme that keeps recurring throughout the movement. The brass choir had more to play than usual in this symphony, and except for the trumpets, the rest of the brass section seemed a little out of focus, or breath, or tired or something!

I neglected to mention the Weber Overtures because I couldn't think of anything to say about them except that they were cute-ish, and that is not a very musical criticism!

E. A.

Mozart Concert for Campus Chest

The McGill Campus Chest will be the recipient of proceeds from an all-Mozart concert to be held on Saturday January 18 at 8:30 pm in Redpath Hall.

The first segment of a two-part programme will consist of the motet "Exultate Jubilate", sung by soprano, Miss Beverly Glenn, and the piano concerto in E flat, preformed by Miss Kathleen Kasper. "The Marriage of Figaro," presented by the McGill Opera Workshop under the direction of Edith and Luciano della Pergola will constitute the second half of the programme. Orchestration will be provided by the McGill Faculty of Music Student Orchestra under the direction of Professor Alexander Brott.

Tickets are on sale at the International Music Store and the McGill Union Box Office (690 Sherbrooke St. W. general admission \$3.00, students \$1.50).

THE FIFTH DIMENSION

1455 Bleury
FOLK SINGING

This Week:

Rev. Gary Davis

Legendary Blues/Gospel
Singer

Next Week:

Miguel Garcia
Flamenco Guitarist

P. C. Landry, M.A., M.Sc.

TUTOR IN PHYSICS

985 Sherbrooke West

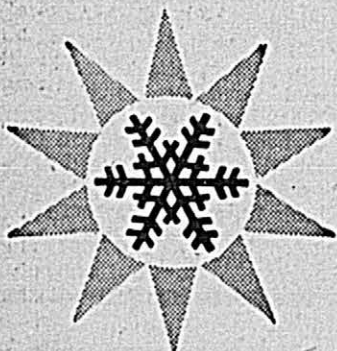
On McTavish

VI. 9-5903

Have Trouble Sleeping? Here's What To Do

What's the cause of insomnia? What will happen to you if you can't sleep? Does coffee keep you awake? Will a whisky "nightcap" put you to sleep? In January Reader's Digest a leading army scientist who has made a long study of sleeping habits gives you the answers to these troubling questions. Get your copy of Reader's Digest today.

MORE SUN



MORE SNOW

Stowe
SKI CAPITAL
OF THE EAST

For folders, information or reservations, write lodge of your choice or Box 206 CU Stowe Area Association, Inc., Stowe, Vermont.



A great future could result from a 20 minute interview

This interview could decide your entire professional career—probably the most important twenty minutes in your life. That is why we would like to talk to you in complete confidence. You tell us where you want to go in the years ahead and we'll tell you of the opportunities, the challenging careers which are available at Northern Electric.

Northern Electric makes the things that make communications possible, from underground cable to tropospheric scatter systems—from crossbar automatic exchanges to telephone handsets.

For further information and appointment please contact your Placement Officer

There are excellent opportunities for:

- graduates in engineering and other sciences
- graduates in commerce and related fields
- graduates in engineering technology
- summer work for engineering undergraduates

Plan to have a talk with a Northern Electric personnel officer the next time he is on your campus. This interview could mean a great future for you.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED



An all-Canadian company with over 17,000 employees

THE ENGLISH BUDDHA

By RONALD R. JEFFELS

Perhaps of a Sunday afternoon he still lumbers down to the station, pays his twopence for a platform ticket... but then, it's bound to be threepence now with the price of everything going up, and sits there, an English Buddha, watching the trains go by.

I hope so, because he belongs to a race now rapidly growing extinct, and when the last of his breed falls victim to the all-protective custody of the state, the world will be a poorer place, at least for me.

It must be admitted that he could be a bit of a nuisance; bellowing at the good townsfolk when they happened to cross his line of sight, or, with cane brandished, threatening to crack the skull of the first schoolboy who dared to come and read over his shoulder. Perhaps some tyrant of a stationmaster, newly commissioned and tricked out in gold braid and power, has forbidden him entry. If so, may his braid tarnish, may his porters rebel, may the tea grow cold in the station's urns.

I'm afraid I met him under the most adverse conditions. In a tawny November drizzle, the 3:27 for London, puffing self-righteously, was just leaving the platform as I came through the barrier. I went past him on the run and my umbrella knocked the precious record book from his hands.

To say that he objected would be a defamatory libel on a man who had at his disposal the whole arsenal of English vocabulary from Geoffrey Chaucer to James Joyce. He exploded with a flash and a roar that brought every head up within a radius of 300 yards, and I stood frozen waiting for the next salvo to be fired.

It never came and what could be seen of his face behind the beard gave me a condescending smile.

"It's all right. I always act on impulse... Forgiven and forgotten... Well, you might at least have the good grace to pick the damn thing up. There's ten years of records in that book — 6,258 trains to be exact. All arrivals, no departures... Well, come on, man, pick it up!"

I did as he asked and apologized for my clumsiness.

"Yes, you are a bit inept, aren't you... No offence intended, of course. Merely an observation. Here, let me see if it's damaged." Luckily it wasn't.

"And may I ask why you were running?"

I thought this a stupid question; the answer was obvious.

"To catch the 3:17."

"To go to London?" His tone was bantering.

"Well, of course to go to London." There was an edge on my voice he didn't like.

"Now then, don't take on so. You North Americans are always so blasted touchy. No, I just wondered why anyone would

want to go to London. Personally, I never do... Well, I did once. Must have been just before the war. A vulgar place, full of vulgar people. My God, Sunday afternoon in London! Half the population spends its time feeding those filthy birds in Trafalgar Square, and the rest stuff themselves with sweets in the one and ninepenny seats of the cinemas. No, I never go to London. I wait until London comes here. And it invariably does, you know."

This was the kind of extravagant statement he loved to make, always something to which there was no immediate reply. Anyway it was useless to try and match wits with him as I soon found out.

"Look," I said half expecting to be reprimanded, "the least I can do is buy you a drink. What about the station bar?"

He smiled. "It's quite obvious you are no drinker. The good lady keeps the place hermetically sealed until seven on a Sunday."

And so, over a cup of gray tea and a British Railways bun, I came to know... well, let's call him John Alexander.

Thereafter I continued to meet him almost weekly for the next eighteen months, more often than not on the station platform but sometimes in the tiny cubbyhole of a room some charitable soul let him have for ten shillings a week in a small village just outside the town. Sunday was the most convenient day for him and

The author, Registrar of the University of Victoria, captivated delegates to the recent conference of the Canadian University Press with a lunchtime

since the recording of train arrivals had become a ritual with him I never asked him to meet me on any other day.

At that time he would have been about forty. He was an enormous man, perhaps 6'4" tall and weighing a good 250 pounds. Not fat, but powerfully built. That dark voice of his came from a diaphragm so deep and muscular that it threatened to crack the buttons on the tweed coat he always wore. In winter he invariably put on an old Army gascape, one of those camouflaged things with a great flapping pocket at the back which once contained the soldier's pack. In that garb, with his wild eye, his beard and walking stick, he looked like some prophet of old, bent on moulding a delinquent people to his will.

I don't think he ever worked. Well, not in the money-grubbing kind of way. He did some proof-reading for a firm in London which specialized in trade magazines. The galleys arrived in great brown envelopes fresh from the press and were full of lush prose about earth-moving equipment, collapsible barns, and portable power plants. Scarcely his cup of tea. John, whose own person was a study in untidiness, raged and stormed at the slightest sign of inattention in print. A misplaced comma or a dangling

participle drove him to near frenzy, and with his heavy lead pencil he scrawled poisoned comments in the margins. But such work couldn't have brought him in more than a pound a week, and the rest... well, the rest I expect he got from grateful parents who were pleased to have him hidden.

John had one basic problem: he was the antithesis of everything his birth, breeding and education suggested he should have been. Above all else he wanted to be a poet and a playwright, but nobody would let him, least of all himself. Just after he came down from University where he did English and philosophy, he had a modest run of luck in some of the small magazines which appear and disappear like flames in a fire, and one of his poems found its way into an anthology for secondary schools.

The war came and put an end to all that. During the long hot days in the autumn of 1939, he and the rest of his generation were drilling inanely with bits of sticks on a thousand commons across England, or digging trenches in Hyde Park.

"Really, I found it all a bit much," he told me once. "All that armour strung out from the Rhine to the sea and us with our bits of broomsticks and wooden guns. No, I'm wrong, my battery actually had a 12-pounder from the Crimea with the mark of the War Museum still on its breech block. Somehow it was all a bit incongruous. Not that we didn't try,

talk that included two brilliant sketches of former friends. Originally intended for broadcasting, this is the first time either has appeared in print.

mind you. Everybody, especially the officers, played the game, doing their best to make it all look like a war. Eventually in 1940 we all went to France, and, of course, eventually we all came back. A bit of a lark, it was, for all that."

He omitted to mention that he came back with a badly smashed leg and a Military Medal by way of compensation. Then someone discovered he could write and he was sent to the War Office in London, where he spent the next four years translating the English language into military orders, briefs, and memoranda.

Just after his discharge in 1945 he was married briefly; but his wife, one of those hard-spined British girls, laced with common sense, gave him up when he refused a perfectly respectable job at £600 a year in the foreign exchange branch of a London bank.

"Actually, I was very fond of her and it was a bit of a wrench. But I couldn't stand it in a bank. You know... pounds into marks into lira into francs into drachma and then all the way back again... drachma into francs into lira..."

He was engaged in a variety of literary tasks when I knew him, but not too successfully. He wrote sonnets by the score, piling them up one after the other in a great

cardboard binder, and he rarely took the trouble to send them to an editor. I wish he had, because they were good. But it was a form of purgation with him, nothing more, and in that fierce hand of his he scrawled out his quick moments of happiness and long hours of despair.

And then he got the idea that he would like to write a modern version of a miracle play to be produced on the slag-heaps of a Welsh coal mine, with the pit-shaft used as a Hell from which Satan and his lieutenants would issue to the screams of alarm whistles and the rattle of cages as they sped up from below. He

saw it played by moonlight, with a cast of miners moving about like fireflies under the bobbing lights of their safety helmets... He never finished the first act.

Secretly he dreamed of rehabilitating the epic and he spent long hours in the University Library steeping himself in the mediaeval literatures of France, Italy and Spain. He loved the simplicity of the epic: the blind heroism, the flashing colours, the rigid lines of demarcation between good and evil. For him, mediaeval man with his cluster of rights and responsibilities represented human beings as they should be, full of simple goodness and dependent upon their own spiritual resources. It was, in a way, his personal revolt against the mass-man of our century. His greatest single fear was that his fellowmen, in seeking out ease and security, would abdicate their responsibilities to become mere ciphers or robots. As a result, he trumpeted loudly against every new governmental decree whether it had to do with postage rates or pest control.

Oh, I know, in his own life he seemed to lack a sense of responsibility, but not to himself because he believed firmly that there existed a unique substance, his own spirit, which should be preserved against encroachments of any kind. I don't think he lacked a sense of responsibility



to others, either. People everywhere in the town knew him and were slightly amused at his eccentricities; but it was impossible to deny his wisdom and I expect many of his friends secretly envied him his independence, his complete freedom. Besides, the English are as tolerant a race as any on the face of the earth, and a man's life is his own to do with as he wants.

He was a source of delight to the students. They bought him drinks in the little public houses that crowd along the narrow streets near the colleges, and once the glow of good British ale had warmed his head and heart, he would sit back and talk for hours. I think he wrote many a student's term paper for him, because given any literary topic John displayed staggering critical knowledge. He seemed to have read everything, to have recorded everything, and the ideas rolled from him in a Niagara of words. And then when "time-gentlemen-please" was called, he would rise up, don his gascape and, if he could, sweep out of the place with the whole dignity of his height and bulk. He never let anyone see him home, no matter what his condition, but I know that when the walk across the fields to his lodgings seemed a little more circuitous than usual, he made his way down to the riverside, and settling himself on the towpath slept like a baby until the next morning.

When I left to come back home, I wanted to give him my address but he refused. He never wrote letters. Once gone the faces of friends change and in the changing grow somehow alien. He wanted to remember only a look, a smile, a sudden flushing of the cheeks. And letters between friends long separated are full of gentle lies to make the passing of the years the easier. We falsify, we distort, we hide the thousand little worries that the lines of the face and the set of the eyes reveal to friends.

I wrote him perhaps a half-dozen times, but he was as good as his word. He never replied, I expect that since he first befriended me, a score of others have fallen under his spell and they are better men for having known him.

I hope he still sits of a Sunday afternoon, with his little book watching the trains go by. If so, the count must be over the 10,000 mark by now, and, of course... all arrivals, no departures.

Poésie / Poetry 64

Poésie/Poetry 64 — Ryerson Press.
\$2.00

Poésie/Poetry 64 is this year's volume in an annual series of anthologies of French and English young Canadian poets, and is edited by Jacques Godbout and John Robert Columbo. The ratio of French to English contributors is 6/10, and I will, for reasons of economy and unequal linguistic competence, restrict my criticism to the English poets.

There is no major poetry here, though there is some very good poetry, and a great deal more which is mediocre, completely unworthy of the valuable space in a thin anthology. The scope of almost all these poets' interests is extremely restricted, the subject-matter usually trivial, the psychology solipsistic. Perhaps this is a function of their youth, perhaps of the nature of the culture we live in; at any rate, triviality is the vice of this volume, and we have a lot of poems conspicuous by their sheer unimportance.

Columbo in his introduction unfortunately has anticipated a point I want to make, that contemporary American non-academic poets, Creeley, Olson, Duncan and that crowd, are an obvious influence on many of these poets, especially the Vancouverites, situated spiritually and geographically closer to the dynamic American Pacific coast.

Columbo presents the poets in geographical order, west to east. First is the Vancouver trio, Frank Davey, Lionel Kearns, and George Bowering, writing out of U.B.C. but anti-academic, and centering around the magazine 'Tish'. (say 'tish' backward to discover where their interests lie). Next are two fine poets, John Newlove of Vancouver, and Myra von Riedemann of Alkali Lake, B.C. Both have a strong high personal lyricism, though Newlove's style is free and easy and Riedemann's crafted, compact, and highly-worked, like

Marianne Moore's. There follow two Toronto poetesses, Margaret Atwood and Gwen MacEwen, poles apart, with Atwood doing a kind of social caricature and MacEwen dealing with the private mind, the subliminal, the weird inner world, in a hip and visceral manner. Next a solitary Ottawa poet, Harry Howth (my lower-case), essentially a proficient second-order e.e. cummings, and finally K.V. Hertz and Henry Moscovitch, both late of McGill. Considering Toronto as fulcrum, the anthology is clearly weighted west.

The Tish trio are concerned with the projection of words on space to capture the way bodies arrange themselves in the real space around us, and these poems as far as I am concerned are simply exercises in creative typography. They take up far too much space themselves. Davey writes 'Bridge Force (I)' and a poem to the Lions Gate Bridge subtitled 'a problem in belonging', which it no doubt is. His best poem is 'Interlude', essentially, patterns in the joy of sound ("Love the touch of words/ the sound of softness/ of loudness/let them crowd/ round about the ear// Love the god/ of sad/ of mad/ the near cantata of the/ tintinnabul/ la"), a poem which dies when lifted out of its arrangement on the page. Kearns must take credit for the most puerile experiment in the book, namely joining the middle of every line in a poem by a straight ruled line drawn vertically down the centre of the page. One of his horrors, 'Vastation In The Stacks', is actually printed twice, once with line and once without. There is a remarkable line in which Kearns perfectly describes this type of poetry: "At worst I think poetry is only a hobby./ an activity similar to/ The youthful assembly of silent model planes". The third poet, Bowering, describes

simple things, often dabbling phrases down like brush strokes. This technique succeeds best in 'On A Back Painting By Tamayo'.

Next Newlove, a little similar to Leonard Cohen in his deceptively-easy, conversational, anecdotal manner, and his varied, simple subjects. Listen to the titles: 'Four Small Scars', 'Then, If I Cease Desiring', 'The Grass is a Reasonable Colour', 'For Judith, Now About 10 Years Old', 'Mao Tse-Tung, The Swimmer, The River'. Perhaps he lacks Cohen's tremendous personal humour, but he has similar accomplishment.

by Fred Rosenzweig

Myra Von Riedemann's poems are among the best in the book. Reflections on the everyday are alchemized by a rich rhetoric, personal, but not private. The titles hint at the subject-matter ('Holiday', 'The Field', 'Whiskey', 'Ophelia') but give no idea of the treatment—a serious, fluid, rich complexity with a feel for words themselves, their music, their explosions which no other poet in this book approaches. She is the only one with extra dimension, any dimension, and a short quote will not do this justice.

Margaret Atwood: A completely different poet, good, but in these selections, limited to gothic caricatures of her fellow Torontonians and the cutex, tintex, kotex land which they inhabit.

Gwen MacEwen: American visceral awareness; unstructured flow of words, and arresting ima-

ges ("to wear the whole cosmos like a conical hat/ with the raw brain set under it"). Talks of bellies, vomit, feasting, eating, appetite.

Harry Howth: as already mentioned, a careful cummings style, like cummings, too, talking about itself and its thoughts, but mostly about itself. A very effective poet-to-poet poem is 'Long Distance to Yevgeny Yevtushenko'.

K. V. Hertz contributes several visions and hallucinations, meticulously described, but not entirely communicable ("I have strange dreams and cannot tell/ where dreaming ends..."). Technique, but hyper-queer states of mind can better be handled by MacEwen's type of verse. We get a now-familiar type of genuflection to Irving Layton, who is eulogized as a man among sheep to be slaughtered and burnt at the altar, a seer, a ram who cries desire. Layton has already said as much about himself.

Finally, Moscovitch, with his own cold hard style and belligerence — "animated by a cool moral passion" — Colombo's phrase. Moscovitch, before Hertz, inherited Layton's constant consciousness of being a poet, in the sense of possessing a certain superior prophetic virility among "anemic worms", and in the poem 'How To Use An Envious Poetaster' — the very title is Laytonian bombast — he explains how many are capable only of whimpers and sobs when confronted by his genius. Without

this poem, the selection is excellent, and Moscovitch closes the book solidly and well.

In sum, we have on the one hand the three Tish poets (too many), writing insipid aesthetic shrived cut-glass verse; and on the other, the three Easterners (Howth, Hertz, Moscovitch), differing in style, subjects, ability, but sharing the same meanness (Hertz has delicate meanness), self-seriousness, and grumpy egotism. Sandwiched between them is the book's real nourishment, and of these four Newlove and Riedemann are the most substantial. All these ten poets have technique, but technique is not yet enough.

With the advent of the New Year, the Literary Section is looking for fresh, original works from student authors and poets to include in coming publications.

Signed copies of manuscripts may be left at the Offices of the Daily, in the basement of the Old Students' Union, 690 Sherbrooke Street West.

Classified

These ads may be placed in our advertising office (Union, main floor), 10 am. to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 insertions, \$1.50, maximum 20 words.

Don't forget CORONET your photographer

FOR SALE

RED MCGILL BLAZER by Bland, size 36, never worn, not lined \$15.00. Ask for Paul, 870-2838 Days.

LIVING AND PRESERVED small zoological specimens as frog, earthworm, crayfish, starfish etc. Inquiries invited. Andre Biological Materials. Part-time business, evenings and Saturday only. Phone 526-2277.

WANTED

VOLUNTUOUS YOUNG FEMALES. If you fit the preceding description and can spare an afternoon a week for interesting and educational work, be a Daily receptionist. See our Managing Editor.

SKI BOOTS, one pair well used, size 7½. Suitable for trail skiing. Phone Paul, ME. 7-8668, after 7 pm.

TO LET

SUBLET TO MAY 1st — 4½ rooms, modern. Near Cavendish & Sherbrooke. Good terms. Available anytime — 486-8187.

LOST

WOMAN'S WRISTWATCH with black leather strap in Bookstore or Peterson Hall. Reward, contact C. Pinkos, R.V.C.

LESSONS

YUGOSLAVIAN CROTCH-BUGLE PLAYERS spread your talent by offering lessons to those less fortunate who are lacking in the knowledge.

HOW TO USE the one that is slightly used. Call after 9 pm. 288-8567.

RIDES WANTED

OUT OF TOWN, carrying one that is not slightly used.

TYPING OFFERED

THESES TYPED. Call 933-8918 (after 6 pm).

TYPING OF THESES, term papers, etc. Call VI. 4-6311, local 307. (Evenings 842-3608).

MISCELLANEOUS

ORCHESTRAS & ENTERTAINMENT provided for all occasions. Buddy Kaye Orchestra Reg'd. Tel: RI. 4-2042.

EXPEDITION TO EAST AFRICA! From Cairo to the Rhodesias. Scientific & journalistic purposes. Some expense. Call Eliot Scull, 845-5841 after 6 pm.

MCGILL WEST INDIAN SOCIETY invites you to the New Year's Dance, Fri. Jan 10th, at the Union. Music by the Mambo-Calyssionians.

O'Brien, Home, Hall, Nolan
& Saunders

Barristers & Solicitors

John L. O'Brien, Q.C.
John McG. Home, Q.C.
George W. Hall, Q.C.
John A. Nolan, Q.C.
Ernest E. Saunders
Robert S. O'Brien
Jerome C. Smyth
John R. Hannan
Pierre Boudreau
Colin K. Irving
D. Terence Dingle
Mary Herzberg

507 PLACE D'ARMES

845-0221

HOWARD, CATE, OGILVY,
BISHOP, COPE, PORTEOUS
& HANSARD

Advocates, Barristers & Solicitors

700 The Royal Bank Building
Wilbert H. Howard, Q.C. Eldridge Cate, Q.C.
J. Leigh Bishop, Q.C. J. Angus Ogilvy, Q.C.
F. Campbell Cope, Q.C. John G. Porteous, Q.C.
Hazen Hansard, Q.C. Claude S. Richardson, Q.C.
John de M. Marler, Q.C. Charles Garsie, Q.C.
André Forget, Q.C. F. H. Montgomery, Q.C.
Paul F. Renault, Q.C. Brock F. Clarke, Q.C.
J.-G. Kirkpatrick, Q.C. Robert E. Morrow, Q.C.
F. B. Common, Jr., Q.C. William S. Tyndale, Q.C.
William A. Grant, Q.C. Kenneth S. Howard
P. Wilbrod Gauthier
Matthew S. Hannan
John Bishop
Julian C.C. Chipman
Peter D. Walsh
Pierre Legrand
L. Yves Fortier
John G. Chamberland
A. Derek Guthrie
Raymond Crevier
F. Murray Greenwood

Counsel

Frank B. Common, Q.C. Thomas R. Ker, Q.C.
1 Place Villa Marie — 841-7211

CHISHOLM, SMITH, DAVIS,
ANGLIN, LAING WELDON
& COURTOIS

Advocates Barristers, etc.

John F. Chisholm, Q.C.
H. Larratt Smith, Q.C.
H. Weir Davis, Q.C.
James P. Anglin, Q.C.
Peter M. Laing, Q.C.
Richard D. Weldon, Q.C.
E. Jacques Courtois, Q.C.
Ross T. Clarkson, Q.C.
R. E. Parsons
Charles D. Gonthier
Jacques Tétrault
Derek A. Hanson
James K. Hugessen
Fraser R. Lindsay
M. Kevin Smyth
M. Dennis
Counsel: A. K. Hugessen, Q.C.

MONTREAL 2. 630 Dorchester Blvd. W.

Cable address "Fleural" Tel. 875-3120

A Service For
University Students
DIVINITY
HALL CHAPEL

3520 University St.

Sunday, Jan. 12th

11 am

Preacher

DEAN ERIC JAY

During the spring term, this service will be conducted by members of the Divinity Faculty and the Chaplains on the campus as announced weekly.

St. James United Church

463 St. Catherine Street, West, and 1435 City Councillors Street,

Close by McGill

THE REVEREND NORMAN RAWSON, D.D., Minister

11 am — MORNING WORSHIP

7 pm — CONGREGATIONAL HYMN SINGING

Gifford Mitchell B.A., B.Mus. Conducting

7:30 pm — SERMON SUBJECT, "Why Get Married?"

9:00 pm — FELLOWSHIP HOURS

Young People's

Mid-Week activities: Monday and Friday Evenings 8:15 p.m.

AV. 8-9245 for information

CAREER
OPPORTUNITIES

at

Simpson's
MONTREAL

Mr. G. R. Maxwell

Training Director

and

Mr. H. M. Landon

Personnel Manager

of

The Robert Simpson
Montreal Limited

will be on campus

MONDAY, JANUARY 13th

from 9.30 a.m.

to discuss with you personally, career available in the field of retailing.

Applications for interviews may be made with your Placement Officer.

Indians host Sir George tomorrow; travel to Bishop's Wednesday

The Hockey Indians play an exhibition game against Sir George Williams tomorrow at 6 pm in the Winter Stadium. The teams met earlier this season and battled to a 2-2 draw.

The Sir George team has played several games during the past holidays and should be in top form. They are a much heavier team than the Indians and should prove to be tough competition.

Coach Dave Copp has informed

the Daily that two regulars have hung up their skates for the season. They are René Cournoyer and Gordon Peters.

Taking over Cournoyer's position on defense will be Pete Hutchins, a newcomer, who has looked promising at practices. Completing the roster in Peters' place will be Bruce Johansson, a Redmen football star.

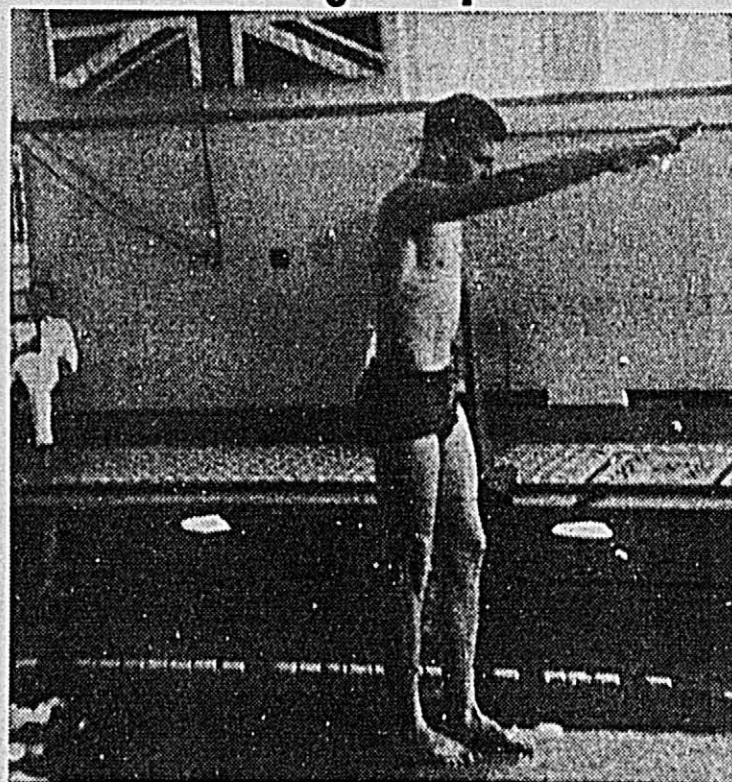
Several other forwards have been showing marked improvement with each game. They are Jeff Marshall, John Tibbits, Steve Kaufman, and Howard Phillips.

In shape

The Indians have only renewed practising as a team this week. However, the players have kept in shape over the holidays. Paul Kingwell, Indians' goalie, travelled to Boston with the Redmen as substitute goalie for Ken Walters and Rick Moore, centre of the team's first line, practised with the Toronto Marlboros.

After tomorrow's game, the Indians travel to Bishop's on Wednesday for another exhibition. Their next league game is one week from today.

Walking the plank



— Earl S. Haltrecht

The Redmen divers and swimmers alike have been practicing strenuously for the past few weeks to get into shape for the stiff competition that lies ahead this year. The team competes in six meets before meeting U of T and Western in Toronto on February 29 for the OQAA Swim Championship.

Way back when, mother wondered



if Tampax really made all that difference

There's nothing wrong in being a "doubting Thomasina" about Tampax. You may feel that since you can "get along" with pads—why change?

Millions of present-day Tampax users once shared your doubts. But once they changed, it became clear to them that Tampax really does make an enormous difference. You feel so secure when odor doesn't bother you... when there can be no tell-tale outlines... when disposal isn't difficult any more... when you can't even feel your protection, once it's in place.

Tampax internal sanitary protection was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. We know how many of them we have sold, and we can assure you that millions of women have used billions of Tampax.

Try Tampax... this winter. Enjoy most of its advantages right now. You'll get the final advantage next summer, when you'll be able to swim any time of the month. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Barrie, Ontario.



Invented by a doctor... now used by millions of women



THE
MACDONALD
LASSIE

CIHL Standings

	P	W	L	T	F	A	Pts
McGill	2	1	0	1	1	8	3
Macdonald	2	1	0	1	6	5	3
CMR	1	0	1	0	4	7	0
UdeM	1	0	1	0	1	2	0

Play Western, Waterloo

Hoopsters in weekend twin-bill

The Redmen basketball team opens its 1964 OQAA schedule with a weekend twin-bill. Tonight, they play the Western Mustangs in London and tomorrow evening battle with Waterloo University.

Coach Ron Sharpe has had to do a lot of juggling of talent due to the fact that four regulars will not be making this important trip. Steve Chandler and Ben Shore, two of the most consistent men on the squad, have medical exams

while Jack Walker and Sy Luteran have decided to hang up the knee-guards for the remainder of the season.

Sharpe, therefore, will start George Langvari, Bob Mingle, Dave Gilman, Marty Wright, and Bruce Randall. In order to complement his depleted ranks and to serve as back-ups for the starting five, Sharpe has called up Gerry

which he hopes will work. The tall men on the team will play in the middle in an effort to beat the opposition around the backboards. As well the Redmen will be playing a ball-control type of

SKIERS

The Women's Athletic Association welcomes you to their Ski House in Ste. Adele en Haut. The house is fully furnished and open weekends Friday until Sunday. McGill Women Students may stay for a most reasonable cost after making a reservation at the Physical Education Office, 1st floor of R.V.C.

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY — make your plans and reserve as soon as possible. Direct any questions to Keren Chipeska, Ski House Manager — 271-1504 or the Physical Education Office, 844-6311, local 422.

INTRAMURALS

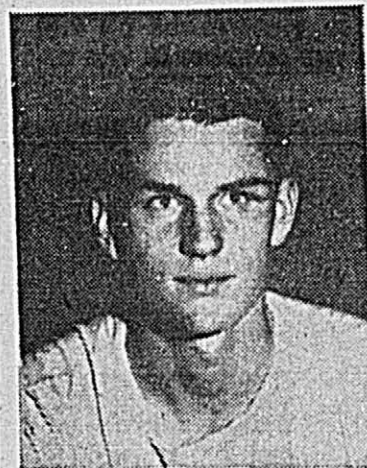
Ice Hockey Playoffs:

Monday, Jan. 13	Commerce vs Education (1)
Wednesday, Jan. 15	Law vs Engineering (2)
Thursday, Jan. 16	Arts & Sc. vs Dentistry (3)
Friday, Jan. 17	Medicine vs Architecture (4)
Monday, Jan. 20	Winner of (1) vs Winner of (3)
Wednesday, Jan. 22	Winner of (2) vs Winner of (4)
Thursday, Jan. 23	Winner of (1) vs Winner of (3)
Friday, Jan. 24	Winner of (2) vs Winner of (4)

Floor Hockey:

Postponed Games:

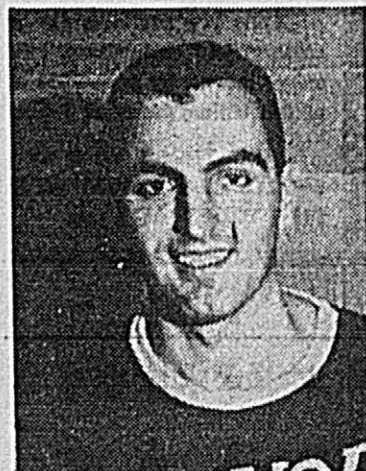
Wed. Jan. 15	7:00 Educators vs Polymorphs
	7:30 Shysters vs Grunters
	8:00 Med. IV vs Draughtsmen



BOB MINGIE

Kelly, who toiled with the Junior Varsity last season and Wally Bird from this year's squad. Randy Clarke is also expected to make the trip.

Although Sharpe is not predicting a win in light of the recent changes in his lineup, he has come up with a plan of attack



GEORGE LANGVARI

game, letting their opponents come to them and make the initial mistakes.

At Western, the Redmen expect to play before a crowd of more than three thousand who have paid a minimum of four dollars per seat. As one member of the team said, "It's going to be great playing before a crowd." If this statement says nothing, it does point up the disgraceful lack of support the team experiences at home.

SKI INSTRUCTORS WANTED

Male Instructors to Teach Boys Ski Club
From Novice to Expert

PAY — \$15.00 PER DAY

Every Saturday From:

January 11 to March 14

Call Evenings

RE. 9-9062

Redmen look for tough battle tonight

by DAVE MCFARLANE



The Redmen's third line, which had been coming into its own in recent weeks, was suddenly broken up in practice Tuesday night when both Skip Kerner (centre) and Dave Flam (right) were severely injured in separate mishaps. Kerner fractured a cheekbone while Flam sustained a broken ankle. The other member of the now defunct trio is Ron Doleman. Both Doleman and Kerner are rookies with the team while Flam is a five-year veteran.

— Al Magill

The Redmen face their toughest opposition of the young OQAA season tonight at the Winter Stadium when the league-leading McMaster Marlins step onto the ice at 8 pm. McMaster, last year's Canadian Dominion champions, look to be the class of the OQAA again this season with a record of two wins and no defeats.

The Redmen, on the other hand, have been prepping diligently during the past week and might well pull an upset. Coach Kelly Burnett stated last night "If we skate, we have a chance." Judging from their performances during the Christmas holidays, the Redshirts appear to be flying and there is no reason to suspect that they will lose their skating legs for tonight's encounter.

Burnett added, "Moral support helps. A big crowd really makes the fellows play their hearts out."

Shooting

A glaring weakness of the Redmen during the early part of their schedule has been their inability to keep their shots down. Opposing defencemen have been able time and again to bat down McGill shots with their sticks. To remedy this situation, Burnett has been drilling the team on shooting low all this week.

Disaster hit the Redmen camp on Tuesday night when two regulars were knocked out of action. Skip Kerner was hit in the side of the head with a stray puck, fracturing his jaw. He was released from the hospital yesterday and will be sidelined for three weeks.

Linemate Dave Flam also was injured in the same practice when he broke an ankle after being checked along the boards. Flam is through for the season.

In light of these losses, Coach Burnett finds himself left with two regular forward lines: the combinations of Bell-Kerr-Abbott and Taylor-Halliwell-Gordon. The sole survivor of the Flam-Kerner trio, Ron Doleman will line up with utility player Doug Carr and newcomer Don Taylor. Taylor, veteran member of the football Redmen and brother of Johnny Taylor, will be making his first start with the Redmen.

Defensively, the Redmen will go with Ken Walters in nets and most probably Maughan, MacKellar, Roy and Lord on defence.

Smarten up

When in Boston, during the holidays, the Redmen played before five thousand spectators — all students. Now surely, Old McGill can scrape up one tenth of this amount. Get out of your stinky old lab, lay aside that slide rule, let the Mansfield do without your company for several hours. See you at the game.

READ THIS

It has just come to the attention of the Sports Department that the staff is urgently in need of fresh blood. Many, many positions are available for new staffers. No experience is necessary, just enthusiasm. Interested parties should make themselves known by appearing at the Daily office in the basement of the Union, today at 1 pm. Women will not be turned away.

ALL THOSE WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES ON THE SPORTS STAFF MUST ATTEND THE MEETING IN THE OFFICE TODAY AT 1 pm.

Join In

CAFÉ ANDRÉ

Intimate Atmosphere • Candlelight Dinner

Songs & Sing-alongs from 9:30

2077 Victoria

Fully Licensed

Just Behind the Union

French Cuisine

Help



FUN 'ROUND THE

Round Hearth

STOWE'S GREAT SKIDORM

Warm, casual, glowing with good companionship, the Round Hearth's the lodge to rest and refresh yourself. Hearty fare, dancing, relaxing around the famous circular fireplace — it adds up to fun! Only \$7 daily with two meals, \$45 weekly. Write for folder or Tel. STOWE, Vt., ALpine 3-7223.

When you think of ale...



MOLSON EXPORT is the BIG ALE in the big land

It's THE BIG ALE because more people ask for it, open it, serve it, enjoy it, than any other ale in Canada. Open a Molson Export Ale and drink it.

We think you'll find the reason for opening your second bottle inside the first bottle. If you don't agree, no hard feelings.



...and this is a little picture of the BIG ALE

MOLSON'S—BREWERS SINCE 1786